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it is much more warlike in feeling than most of the ceremonial *Baris*, the participants working themselves into a frenzy of exultant exhibitionism. It is only in the *Baris Gedé* at Sanoer and in an occasional *Gambosh* that one sees a similar taunting of his army by their leader in order to arouse their martial ardour ...

Baris Demang opened with the entry of eight men in red shirts, blue and white check *sapoets*, over narrow trousers of a smaller check, wearing the head-dress of *Aryas* (princes) in *Gambosh*, surmounted by a high curving horn. They advanced in two files, and with shrieks and cries formed pairs, circling round each other and brandishing their short, curved swords. They swayed, leaning upon each other, and did a battle dance, jumping in the air, pirouetting, swaying, each line in a different direction, encouraging each other with throaty shouts. All were old men. Kneeling in two files at some distance from each other, they seemed to be threatening the *gamelan* wildly with their wedge-shaped wooden swords, but were only calling on the next actor to come out. A soloist, all in checks and stripes, with painted face and white head-dress, also aureoled in palm-leaf, next put in an appearance, and leaped about acrobatically, evidently the servant of an expected grandee, for he presently prostrated himself and crawled towards the place whence the characters entered, in a frenzy of subservient delight.

The next to enter was a frantic creature, also in an *Arya* head-dress, with a painted moustache, and with flowers and green leaves hanging from his ears. He and his vizir danced and dialogued in a whirling duet, with huge smiles on their faces and demonic cries on their lips. All the *Demangs* rose, and advanced swaying towards him. They roared and swayed in martial ecstasy, exchanged swords, balanced on one foot with the other knee lifted high like a *Baris* dancer, hurled animal challenges at each other in such fierce encounter that the head-dresses went flying. Their prince went among them, calming them, and they crouched wide-kneed in obeisance. But only for a moment. They were irrepressibly excited by their raja's presence, and were soon dancing with great leaps. At last he went out; they seemed to weep, and danced out after him.[9]

These notes by De Zoete and Spies may be followed by a more detailed description of the dance. The *bale paebatan* in the forecourt serves as a dressing room for the performers. As soon as everything is in readiness the orchestra strikes up the *gĕnding* or 'air' *Lengker Kadehan* as an overture. Then follows the *gĕnding Jaran Sirig Baris*, at which the *potet*, coming from the forecourt, appears in the gate to the inner court, and enters the court acting. The character of the *potet* is that of a servant and clown, and as a sign

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DĚMANG: Your stature is too crouched, you do not stand upright enough. 536
Now you are holding yourself too stiff, and your stature is 539
exaggerated! 792
DĚMUNG: What do you have to say now? 796
DĚMANG: That is just right!

After a time the orchestra stops playing, and the two parties take seats on the ground facing each other. Again the *gĕnding Batel* is played, and then the other *dĕmangs* and *dĕmungs* appear, repeating the dance. After the dance has been performed a second time the *gĕnding Biya Kala* is sounded, announcing the *prĕbangsa*. *Biya kala* is the name of an offering which is, for example, made in order to purify a person who has returned from a journey or to greet a prominent guest. Literally the term means 'to pay the demons tribute-money'.

The coming of the *prĕbangsa* is introduced by the *potet*, who is now on his way to the ruler to inform him that he has performed his task. He goes on emitting exclamations of praise, until finally he upbraids himself that he is out of breath as a result of the violence of his prologue. Then he informs the ruler that he has brought his commands to the knowledge of the *pĕpatihs agung*, and invites him to commence his audience.

Next a dialogue develops between the ruler (portrayed by the *prĕbangsa*) and the *potet*, the latter repeating the former's obscure and quasi-archaic idiom sentence for sentence in more understandable language. The dialogue is quickly given a certain turn so that the ruler's name and title can be made known to the public. The *prĕbangsa* represents the ruler of Pajang, known from the *Malat* and other Panji tales. From a monologue of his paraphrased by the *potet* it becomes clear that he is making preparations for a speedy departure for Mĕlayu. His mood of irritation is demonstrated by his declaration that he would like to meet someone audacious enough to ridicule his clothing.

Then follows a description of the *prĕbangsa*'s costume. His headdress is of the *kĕkĕlingan* or *kĕklopingan* model, named after the high-sweeping black crest shaped like the new moon which begins behind the forehead decoration and gradually broadens, ending

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at the *garuda mungkur*. The same sort of crown is also used for the figure of Panji in the *arja* and *gambuh*. His diadem is gilded, hammered leather set with drop-shaped pieces of mica replacing jewels. The decorations at his temples display the *ketaki* pattern. Descriptions are also given of his ear decorations, his breastcloth and other garments, and his creese. Above his breastcloth he wears a neckerchief of the *rĕmbang* pattern with black motifs on a grey-green base. His long trousers are of white cloth, as are also his skirt, his *lĕlanchingan*, and his *kanchut*. A girdle of the same colour and a loincloth of blue cotton inlaid with gold leaf complete his outfit. The *kanchut* is a slip of the *kain* which is pulled between the legs and tucked into the girdle at the back. The *lĕlanchingan* is the part of the *kain* that hangs folded in front. The creese is worn at the back, stuck in the girdle.

The *prĕbangsa* asks the *potet* for assurance that no one equals him in the finery of his raiment, the which the *potet* eagerly gives him. Then the *prĕbangsa* announces his wish to consult with his *pĕpatihs*. The *potet* warns him that the *dĕmangs* and *dĕmungs* are approaching, upon which the ruler assumes the *nĕhĕr* dance position, in which the body quivers with restrained tension. Then he addresses his warriors, urging them to train themselves in the use of arms.

PRĔBANGSA: You *rakriyans dĕmang* and *dĕmung*, harken!

POTET: Oh *pĕpatihs*, hear the commands of His Majesty.

PRĔBANGSA: I wish to ascertain your bravery and strength in battle. Follow my commands faithfully!

POTET: So be it, do not resist the will of the ruler!

PRĔBANGSA: I see that you have made yourselves ready without delay for the review of arms.

POTET: Oh *pĕpatihs*, prepare to display your courage and manly strength in competition.

PRĔBANGSA: Now I am convinced of your skills.

POTET: End your dance, *pĕpatihs*, your courage and suitability for battle have been demonstrated.

PRĔBANGSA: Hear now my commands, and follow them faithfully.

POTET: There remains a momentous command of His Majesty. Follow it loyally.

PRĔBANGSA: I cherish the intention to battle with the ruler of Mĕlayu. Array yourselves in battle formation!

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EPILOGUE

PRĚBANGSA: We shall not consider the subject further. The formation of battle array has been satisfactorily prepared. Be on your way.

POTET: Cease your practising. You have trained yourselves sufficiently in the use of arms. Set out!

No description has yet been given of the costumes of the *dĕmangs* and the *dĕmungs*. The headdress is of hammered leather with decorations beside the temples and includes a *garuda mungkur*, but not a diadem. Instead, a part of the skull is covered by rolled water-buffalo leather, which gives the impression of a high, bald forehead surrounded by locks of woolly hair. A moustache and whiskers lend a martial appearance to the face. An hibiscus is worn above the ears as a decoration. In their headdress, and also in their behaviour, the warriors in the *baris dĕmang* resemble the *dĕmangs* who precede the ruler in the *gambuh*. Another similarity is the fact that the repertoire of the *gambuh* is chosen by preference from the Panji tales and Middle Javanese historical romances.

The *dĕmangs* and *dĕmungs* have on red shirts with long sleeves such as were worn by warriors before the twentieth century. (Red is still the colour for the uniforms of the village police on Lombok.) Sashes of blue-and-white-squared cloth are worn around the neck and slantwise across the breast. The trousers are of *polĕng kĕklat-katan*, a sort of plaid resembling bamboo thatchwork. The *kain* is pulled between the legs as a *kanchut*, while the loincloth has blue and white stripes running crosswise, trimmed with red, white, and blue stripes along the length of the edges.

A short, broad sword is carried in one hand. The sword is provided with a ring on the hilt, and the reverse of the blade is decorated. There is the usual blood gully, and the sharp side is indicated with white. The other hand holds a small round shield made of water-buffalo hide.

Though, as De Zoete and Spies mentioned, as far as is known the *baris dĕmang* is now only performed on anniversaries in Pura Pĕmayun, in earlier times it was also danced in the street in the village of Bungkulan, a short distance to the east of the town of Buleleng, on the occasion of the purification of the gods at the seashore.

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attends the meeting for the first time on the *pati pantĕn* following his *mĕbea nganten.*[2] (If a new member presents himself to be inscribed in the *desa* register and has not yet chosen a new name, he is named by the *klihans desa* in consultation with the twelve *tambĕlapus.*)

The *desa* meeting has a ceremonial character, and is conducted under the auspices of the deity to whom each member makes a *sĕmbah* before taking his place. Every member is clad in the prescribed dress: his girdle over his outer garment, his *sabuk tubuhan*[3] clearly visible, and his finely ornamented creese placed in his sash at the back. A *pĕngluduhan* who violates this or other regulations three times is fined two thousand doits, to be paid within three days, and on failure to pay he loses his membership. A person of the rank of *bahan* or higher who commits such a transgression is immediately removed from the list of *desa* members. As has been mentioned, however, there is a fairly recent stipulation added to the *desa* constitution, that the *desa* can readmit him. The fact that persons lose their membership for the sake of such a trifling thing as failing to appear in proper meeting dress is one of the grounds for the charge of a reign of terror brought against the *desa* officials. The fact of the matter is, however, that the *desa* considers such a violation as a serious thing, for it is a transgression of the ancestral *adat.*

At the *desa* meeting the council renders an account of its administration, and the month's duties for the villagers eligible for service are discussed. It has already been pointed out that such persons are called *gumis pulangan*, and that there must be one *gumi pulangan* for each compound. If one of the persons living in the compound is a member of the *desa*, no other able-bodied man from the compound is required; however, if a core villager dies before his son has married, so that there is no core villager in the compound, the eldest able-bodied son becomes the *gumi pulangan* for the compound.

The *desa* members together with the other *gumis pulangan* constitute the *tambunan gumi*. The *desa* members in the *tambunan* are divided into six equal groups, and each sixth part of the *tambunan*

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The clubs of virgins (*seka daha*) and of adolescent boys (*seka truna*), who are still untouched by the magical impurity supposed to come from sexual intercourse, are an interesting feature of Bali Aga villages not to be found among the Hindu-Balinese. In Tenganan a ceremonial meeting is held for them once a year. The virgins wear golden crowns covered with quivering flowers of beaten gold, and are dressed from the armpits to the ground in bright silk scarfs which they hold between jewelled fingers, often tipped with four-inch artificial fingernails made of solid gold. They appear dancing the *redjang*, arranged in line from the smallest baby, a year old, perhaps, to the grown girls who on past occasions have failed to obtain a husband. They dance accompanied by the *gamelan selunding*, an ancient, rarely heard orchestra that has great iron sound-plates, struck energetically by the old men of the village with oversize wooden hammers. This dance could not be more archaic and simple: standing in a double line, they fling the scarfs slowly away, first to one side, then to the other, half turning the body each time. In the long intervals between movements they stand motionless with downcast eyes until a change of position is announced by the orchestra. This is the whole dance; a slow-motion version of the stilted feminine dances of Java, giving one an unearthly feeling of suspended movement, and bearing no relation to the exuberant vitality of the Balinese dances we were accustomed to see.

Soon boys in their best clothes and wearing krisses begin to appear and form a group at the other end of the dancing-space, watching the girls. When enough boys have gathered, the music stops and the audience, mostly women, shows a lively interest. The music begins again, playing the theme for the *abuang*, a dance in which the boys express their preferences. One by one the girls step to the front to show themselves in a short posed dance with their eyes on the ground and their arms tensely outstretched. Each of the marriageable girls has her chance, but the boys are shy and at first nobody takes up the challenge. It is only after the girls have danced a second or third round that one of the

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535 boys overcomes his shyness, walks up to his favourite girl when
883 her turn comes again, and takes his place in a stately dance. If she is pleased, she will continue to dance with him until the bar

[292]

The Abuang

of music is over, but if she dislikes the boy, she leaves the floor and goes back into line while the crowd laughs at the rejected suitor.

582 Marriage restrictions are peculiar in Tenganan; their isolation-
565 ist law allows no one to marry outside the village, and even there only within certain rules as to family and caste. There was, for instance, the daughter of the priest who was already past marriageable age, but who could not find a husband since there were no unmarried men of her class. This continual inbreeding perhaps accounts for the decadent and aristocratic type of the people. A
[684] Tenganan who marries outside the village or breaks one of their taboos is thrown out of the village; such exiles have formed a small village of their own just outside the main gate, but they are never again admitted into the mother community.

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351 to each household by a raised doorstep of rough stones. In front of every gate is a stone bridge, or, simpler still, a section of coconut tree trunk to ford the deep irrigation ditch that runs invariably along both sides of the road.

361 A simple village consists of family compounds, each com-
[351] pletely surrounded by walls, lined on each side of a wide well-built avenue that runs in the direction of the cardinal points; from the mountain to the sea, the Balinese equivalent to our "north" and "south." The villages grew as they spread in these direc-
[491] tions, and the Dutch had only to pave the main streets and extend them through the ricefields to obtain the five-hundred-mile net of automobile roads that covers this small island.

363 The Balinese, being still essentially pedestrians, took good care to shade the roads with large trees, and every morning and every evening one sees the people in the streets, men going to work nonchalantly beating rhythms on their agricultural implements, or returning from the fields overloaded with sheaves of rice heavy with grain. Poised women come and go with great loads or shiny
[482] black clay pots on their heads. If it happens to be market day in the village, at dawn the roads are crowded with husky people from the near-by villages who come to sell their produce — piles of
[438] coconuts, bananas, or vegetables, pottery, mats, baskets, and so forth — carrying on their heads even the table that serves as a stand. If there is a feast in the village temple, the people parade
[292] in yellow, green, and magenta silks with fantastic pyramids of
[796] fruit and flowers, offerings to the gods, in a pageant that would have made Diaghilev turn green with envy.

291 Naked children play at the gates by the bell-shaped baskets
231 where the fighting cocks are kept. Each morning the baskets are
857 lined out on the street so that the roosters may enjoy the spectacle of people passing by. Small boys wearing only oversize sun-hats drive the enormous water-buffaloes, which in Bali appear in two colours, a dark muddy grey, and a pale, almost transparent pink,
231 an albino variety. A water-buffalo will not hesitate to attack a
857 tiger; their ponderous calm and their gigantic horns are awe-

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576 question with monosyllables, and one should not point with the index finger. It is better to use the words for the cardinal points to indicate direction, but if one must point, it should be done with the thumb, holding the rest of the hand closed.

574 431 The Balinese are constantly paying visits to one another, but no one would dream of making a formal visit without bringing along a gift of some sort: fruit, rice, eggs, or chickens, given casually and received without a word of thanks. It is taken for granted that the present is appreciated by the acceptance of it, but if one wants to be over-polite, one says: "*Tiang nunás*, I want it" or "I like it" (*idéh* in the common language). An object is handed with the right hand while touching the elbow with the left, and it is received with the same gesture.

431 123 The gift-problem became acute for us as we entered into a competition with our friends and neighbours for more and more valuable presents. Someone would arrive with a basket of eggs or rice; we repaid the visit taking a cheap head-cloth. On the next visit they came with piles of fruit and even live chickens, so we had to rush to the market to buy a batik shirt or a bottle of Javanese perfume. We generally ended by exchanging brocades, krisses, and so forth for pieces of silk, flashlights, and fountain pens. The Balinese are very much concerned with the price paid [435] for an object, and they always insisted on knowing what we paid for a present, until we realized that it was a great mistake to remove the price tags. When we bought new glasses or new plates, Dog, our house-boy, washed them carefully around the label so as not to rub off the price.

574 It is necessary to be properly dressed to pay or to receive a visit. [292] The breasts of men and women should be covered by a special breast-cloth, a *saput* for men and a *selendang* for women. People in the house always dashed for their breast-cloth, usually an ordinary foreign towel, when a special guest arrived. Immediately the visitor was provided with green coconuts to quench his [177] thirst, with cigarettes and betel-nut. Up-to-date Balinese like to offer soda-pop, coffee and Chinese pastries. The chewing of

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243 527 When the grain is ripe, the *subak* members prepare for the *ng'usaba nini*, the great harvest festival. Cockfights are held again in the rice temple and the following day is declared *nyepi* for ricefields: a day of absolute stillness, requiring the suspension of all activity, when no one may enter a field under penalty of a fine. Two days before cutting the rice, small offerings are made to the irrigation inlet, and boughs of the *dapdap* tree, decorated with little faces of palm-leaf, are stuck at the four corners of the field to keep evil influences away. The next step is the making [78] of the Rice Mother (*nini pantun*), two sheaves of rice, one male, the other female, the Rice Husband and Wife.[2] The two sheaves are fastened together and tied to a branch, which is stuck in the ground near the main irrigation inlet. Then the cutting of the rice may proceed.

[462] [292] In Bali only men plant and attend to the rice, but women and even children help with the harvest. Everybody wears coats and great sun-hats of bamboo for protection against the burning rays of the sun. The line of reapers moves like a living row of enormous mushrooms, cutting the rice with small iron blades set in wooden frames, just large enough to be hidden in the palm of the hand. The stalks are cut one by one and tied later into huge bunches. When all the rice is cut, the Rice Mothers of the [292] various *sawa*-owners are dressed in a skirt of new white cloth held at the middle of the sheaf by a rope of white yarn, a small apron (*lamak*), and a silk scarf. The head-dress is represented by the ends of the stalks, ornamented with flowers and cut-out palm-leaf in the form of a fan, often with a human face added, drawn on a heart-shaped piece of palm.

[184] [2] The male is larger and consists of 108 stalks, while the female has only 54 stalks. The people of Badung agree that the sheaves are male and female, but in Ubud, Gianyar, they claim it is only female. They also make two sheaves, one larger than the other, but they are confused when pressed to explain the reason for the two sheaves. They call the *nini pantun* also by the names of *dewa padi* or *dewi istri*, "rice deity" or "divine wife." *Nini pantun* means simply "rice mother." Perhaps the association of feminine names and ideas has obscured the bisexual significance of the two sheaves. Van Eck says that the Rice Husband and Wife are ceremoniously wedded in the granary: "Increase ye and multiply without ceasing." I was told in Gianyar that the rice stalks used to make the mother should be stolen from various ricefields, but in Badung they appeared shocked at this idea.

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foreheads, but little girls learn feminine propriety by wearing a skirt many years before the boys. Priests dress all in white and one can recognize a high priest (*pedanda*, "staff-bearer") because he goes bareheaded and carries a staff (*danda*) topped by a crystal ball (*suryakanta*, "the glitter of the sun"), symbol of his authority.

It is unfortunate that new fashions in dress are introducing a new sort of class-consciousness. Young elegants feel superior and "emancipated" from the old-style peasant class when they wear a Malay *sarong*, a tube of cloth worn snug at the back, folded in front in two overlapping pleats and held at the waist by a leather belt. With the *sarong* go a pair of leather sandals, a common shirt, too often with the tails outside, and a European-style coat. This is the costume of school-teachers, clerks, chauffeurs, and those in frequent contact with Europeans, who will, in the long run, set the fashion for the rest of the population.

All women in North Bali have worn the Malay blouse (*badju*) for over half a century, since they were ordered to wear blouses by official decree "to protect the morals of the Dutch soldiers." Women of the Southern nobility started to wear *badjus*, and the fashion is rapidly spreading all over Bali. The Balinese form of *badju* is clumsy and ill-fitting and does not suit the huskier Balinese women as it does the slim Javanese. Many women cannot afford more than one *badju* and often let it go without washing. A girl who looks elegant and noble in the simple and healthy dress of the country, appears vulgar when "dressed up" in a tight *badju* of cheap cotton, not always clean, usually worn pinned up at the breast with a rusty safety-pin.

Those accustomed to associate nudity with savagery often refer to the Balinese as "charming primitive people unconcerned with clothes," but however scant and simple their daily costume may be, they love dressing up, and for feasts they will wear as elaborate a dress as they can afford, or borrow one rather than appear poorly clothed to parade at the feast. At temple feasts, weddings, and cremations one still sees middle-aged men in the

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292 elaborate ceremonial dress of former times: the white *kamben* with a trailing end, a rich piece of brocade (*saput*) tied over the breast with a silk scarf (*umpal*) in which is stuck the ancestral

Ceremonial Costumes of Woman and Man

[293] [301] *kris*, weapon and ornament, the sheath of precious wood and ivory, the hilt of chiselled gold glittering with rubies and diamonds, crimson hibiscus over their ears. Few costumes in the world have the dignified elegance of the ceremonial costume of

292 301

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a noblewoman: the underskirt dragging on the ground in a train 292
of silk and gold; the torso bound from the hips to the armpits; 301
first is a strong bulang, a strip of cloth fifteen feet long, covered

[302]

Gelung Agung

by a sabuk, another strip of silk overlaid with gold leaf; with gold
plugs through her ears, her hair dressed in a great crown of real
and gold flowers, with the forehead reshaped with paint and [302]
decorated with rows of flower petals, two small disks of gold
pasted to the temples; walking with poise in a procession with
other girls dressed like herself, in a display of style, beauty, and

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292 dignity. The costumes for dramatic performances are as spec-
301 tacular as any in our ballets; diadems of fresh flowers and helmets of gold set with coloured stones, the body wrapped from head to

[302]

Pusung Gondjer

foot in bright-coloured silks to which bold designs in glittering goldleaf are applied by a special process in truly theatrical style.

A Balinese woman is seldom without flowers in her hair, and
30 during festivals one sees a bewildering variety of head-dresses.
302 They are then well aware of their beauty and take special pains with the arrangement of the hair, fixed ingeniously without pins

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881 legong dancers of Belaluan, who had just come of age. When we arrived at her house, Madé Rai was being dressed inside the house, surrounded by busy women who came and went with clothes, jewels, and flowers. The platform of honour of the *balé gedé*, the reception hall, was filled with great offerings of palm-leaf, fruit, and flowers, and the high priest, the *pedanda*, waited to perform the purification, sitting cross-legged on the high *balé* with an air of aloof importance, his intriguing paraphernalia ready in front of him. Madé Rai made her triumphal appearance among exploding firecrackers, carried on the shoulders of Regog, the strong man of the *bandjar*, and dressed in the ceremonial [292] costume of her class: a skirt of *prada*, silk with applications of goldleaf, a scarf of brocade around her budding breasts, *subangs* [301] of gold in her ears, and a crown of gold flowers. She was deposited on a mat before the priest, who proceeded with his *maweda*, magic prayers recited with an accompaniment of mystic gestures with the hands. The priest sprinkled her with holy water and occasionally flung flowers towards the girl. Certain offerings, " moons " of palm-leaf and long brooms, sexual symbols, were held in front of her while she fanned their essence towards herself with graceful gestures of her dance-trained hands. The holy water that the priest had consecrated was poured on her hands through a rice-steaming basket (*kukusan*); she drank the water with reverence, wiping her wet palms on her forehead. This ended the ceremony and Madé Rai could then go to pray at the temple of origin of her family (*pura dadia*). She was taken in procession, carried on a palanquin preceded by flags and spears. On arriving at the temple she knelt on a cushion in front of the principal shrine and she prayed with the other members of her family, while the old men sang *kekawin* poems that described the beauty of the *dedari*, the nymphs of heaven. The procession returned home and the guests were entertained with plays and dances to celebrate the fact that Madé Rai, the little girl that a few days before roamed unconcerned all over the *bandjar*, had become a beautiful woman of fourteen.

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533 621 bandjar, and they will reorganize their *gamelan* at once — everybody helping with equal enthusiasm. The old instruments are returned, new frames are made, and all the missing pieces are replaced.

To organize a new musical club a community first selects a head man and a treasurer. The new musicians are chosen from among the young men of the *bandjar*, who are directed by others with musical experience. It is an honour to belong to such a group, and the members are not paid, but themselves contribute, in whatever way they can, to the acquisition of the instruments. In the group there are even men who do not play, but who are content to carry the instruments from place to place.

533 534 621 [435] The cost of a fine set of instruments often amounts to quite a fortune. The estimated value of the *gong Belaluan* was put at about fifteen hundred guilders. The actual monetary expenses were paid in instalments, and even after four years of profitable playing for the hotel, there still remained four hundred guilders unpaid. Of this apparently exaggerated figure a considerable part goes to buy a good set of large gongs, which are no longer made and are now a rarity and at a premium. The Balinese can make the bars of the metallophones, but the large gongs came from Java, from Semarang, where the last great makers of gongs lived. The richly carved frames of teakwood covered with pure goldleaf are also expensive. In former times it was a favourite hobby of the princes to form large orchestras and play in them themselves, but they are not quite so prosperous now, and today the organizations are more often independent, and it is the community that owns the orchestra. In Bali the orchestra consists of the set of instruments rather than of a group of musicians who own their instruments, as it is understood among us. In their zeal for improvement, the group of Belaluan went even further; fine costumes were made for the players and a special house was built to store the instruments, a shed for rehearsals. They even undertook to finance the repairs of the little temple of the *bandjar*, a

[292] [344] 533 621

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545 ing from old reports, it seems that there are more performances, the shows are more elaborate and varied, and their are many new styles besides that of the jealously preserved classic theatre. There is hardly a village that does not have some sort of dancing [651] organization, and even the fact that the old custom of exempting actors and musicians from payment of taxes has been abolished by the Government has not diminished interest in dancing and acting. There is not even the incentive of commercial gain for the individual; the small amounts received at private festivals go to the society's fund for new costumes, new instruments, and the communal feasts.

THE LEGONG

535 As the archetype of the delicate and feminine, the *legong* is the finest of Balinese dances. Connoisseurs discuss the comparative excellence of various *legongs* as intensely as we discuss our dancers, and I have heard solemn arguments among princes as to whether the group of Bedulu was finer than that of Saba, or the school of Sukawati superior to that of Badung.

535 The *legong* is performed at feasts, generally in the late after-
545 noon when the heat of the day has subsided. At the first rumour that there is going to be a *legong* in the central square or, if it is at a private feast, in the middle of the street, the crowd begins to gather. Women and children come first to secure the best places, crowding around a long, rectangular space left free for the dance. The dancing-space is often decorated with a canopy of palm-leaf streamers or shaded by an awning of black, red, and white cloth, the tail of one of the giant kites. On one end of the "stage" the orchestra entertains the gradually growing crowd with preludes until it is time for the show to begin.

535 Three little dancers, with an air of infinite boredom, sit on
292 mats in front of the orchestra. They are dressed from head to foot in silk overlaid with glittering goldleaf and on their heads they wear great helmets of gold ornamented with rows of fresh frangipani blossoms. Enormous ear-plugs of gold, an inch in

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diameter, pierce their prematurely distended ear-lobes. Their melancholy little faces are heavily powdered, and they wear a white dot (*priasan*), the mark of beauty in dancers, painted be-

Legong Costume

tween the eyebrows, which are shaved and reshaped with black paint.

The rich costume of the two principal dancers, the *legongs*, consists of a wrapped skirt, a tight-sleeved vest, from which hangs a long, narrow apron, and yards of strong cloth cut in a narrow strip that binds their torsos mercilessly from the breast to the hips. This is in turn covered by another sash of gilt cloth. The

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292 tight, corset-like binding gives line to the dancers' bodies and
535 supports their backs. The costume is completed by a stiff short vest of tooled and gilt leather worn over the shoulders, a collar set with coloured stones and little mirrors, a silver belt, and scarfs and ornaments of tooled leather hanging from each hip. The little girl who sits between the *legongs*, the *tjondong*, their attendant, is dressed in simpler clothes.

545 When a large enough crowd has assembled, the orchestra be-
535 gins the dance music and the *tjondong* gets up lazily and stands in the middle of the dancing-space. Suddenly, at an accent from the orchestra, as if pierced by an electric current, she strikes an intense pose: with her bare feet flat on the ground, her knees flexed, she begins a lively dance, moving briskly, winding in and out of a circle, with an arm rigidly outstretched, fingers tense and trembling, and her eyes staring into space. At each accent of the music the whole body of the *tjondong* jerks; she stamps her foot, which quivers faster and faster, the vibration spreading to her thigh and up her hips until the entire body shakes so violently that the flowers of her head-dress fly in all directions. The gradually growing spell breaks off unexpectedly and the girl glides with swift side-steps, first to the right, then to the left, swaying from her flexible waist while her arms break into sharp patterns at the wrists and elbows. Without stopping, she picks up two fans that lie on the mat and continues dancing with one in each hand, in an elegant winding stride.

At a cue from the music, the two other girls straighten up and begin to dance with their hands, neck, and eyes, still kneeling on the mat. Then they rise and dance with the *tjondong*, forming intricate patterns with six arms and thirty fingers until the musical theme ends. Then the *tjondong* hands a fan to each of the *legongs* and retires into the background.

The orchestra plays a more vigorous melody and the *legongs* dance again, with the open fans fluttering at such a speed that their outline is lost like the wings of a humming-bird flying suspended in space. The two dancers seem the double image of one,

[pages 226 (A) through 226 (c) appear here; text continues on page 227. – Analyst

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292

Movements of the *Baris*

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Baris Gedé – Ceremonial War Dance

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535 The characteristic part of the *baris* costume is the head-dress with
292 its high triangle of white cloth (*udeng-udengan*), worn at the back of the head, and a diadem of fresh *tjempaka* flowers in the front, set in wires and arranged in rows, ending in spirals at each side of the head. The dancer of *baris pendét* wears skin-tight trousers (*djalér*) and a little coat with tight sleeves (*kwatjí*). Over his breast a scarf (*umpal*) is tied, and from it hang many narrow strips (*lelantjar*) of cloth overlaid with goldleaf, giving the dancer the aspect of an enormous gilt cabbage. On his back he wears a kris with gold handle. The word *baris* means " in line," " military formation."

THE KEBIYAR

535 Individualism is not encouraged in the essentially communal
555 Balinese society, but from time to time the genius of an artist
159 breaks through the conventional mould and emerges as a powerful personal influence. Some years ago a young man of humble birth startled South Bali with a new dance which combined the rugged manliness of the heroic dances (*baris*) with the delicacy of the *legong*. Its novelty consisted in the fact that the dancer never raised himself from the ground, moving only from the waist up, giving greater emphasis to the movements of the torso, arms, and hands and focusing attention on the dancer's facial expression. In using his body like a sensitive musical instrument, the young dancer interpreted even the most delicate moods of the island's finest orchestra, the *gong* Pangkung of Tabanan. Eventually he joined the *gong* Belaluan, and his fame spread to the foreign visitors on the island. The name of Mario became as well known to the world traveller as that of Mei Lan-Fang, Shan Kar, or Escudero.

535 At the regular weekly concerts of the Belaluan *gong* given at
545 the hotel, Mario sat cross-legged in the centre of a square formed by the instruments of the orchestra. He was dressed in a long
[292] piece of brocade wrapped around his waist like a skirt, with one end trailing on the ground, and a sash of gilt cloth bound his torso. Jasmine and *tjempaka* flowers were stuck in his small turban, and over his left ear he wore a trembling great hibiscus

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of hammered gold mounted on springs. In his right hand he held a brocade fan. He sat there motionless, in concentrated intensity, until at a signal from the drummers the orchestra struck a sudden crashing chord. Mario straightened like a startled cobra, tense and nervous, holding the fan over his head as if to shade his eyes. The opening theme was fast and furious,

Mario Dancing *Kebiyar*

and Mario began to dance, waving his fan energetically, darting glances from side to side as if at an imaginary enemy. The tempo increased to a frantic climax, broken suddenly by a melodious solo on the *reyong*. Mario relaxed and danced delicately, his expression softened, and his movements became languid. With half-closed eyes he swayed from left to right, his elbows almost touching the mat, fanning himself or deftly arranging the flowers on his head-dress with quivering fingers. The high keys introduced the main theme; Mario flung his train to one side and hopped on his crossed legs around the square, bobbing up and down. In a coquettish mood he paused in front of the musicians, a smile on his face and his head jerking from side to side, finally centring his attention on the leading drummer, who,

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Princess and Attendant — a Scene from
the Ardja, Balinese Opera

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are romantic episodes of memorable love affairs of princes and princesses, generally full of fantastic situations and with a distinct erotic flavour. The distinguished characters speak and sing in kawi, which is translated into common Balinese by the comedians for the benefit of the unscholarly crowd. The comedy is incredibly funny and rough slapstick, sprinkled with all sorts of bawdy jokes.

Besides the traditional stories, there are popular new plays such as *Sampik* and *Tuan Wei*, adaptations of Chinese love stories that started in 1924 as bastard performances with actors in European clothes playing on mandolins. Eventually these stories became thoroughly Balinese and were incorporated in the *ardja*.

THE DJANGER

An inevitable sight for the newly arrived tourist every Saturday morning was the *djanger*. Under the hanging roots of a great *waringing*, or banyan tree, in the central square of the village, sat a dozen boys and a dozen girls in groups of six, forming a square, the girls facing the girls, the boys opposite each other; a dance master, the *daag*, sat in the centre. The boys wore blue sashes and red hibiscus over their ears; the girls had great fan-shaped head-dresses of flowers and were wrapped in gilt cloth from the armpits to the feet. The boys shouted and shook while the girls sang with baby voices, flinging their hands and flashing their eyes. After a while a girl appeared dressed as a prince, singing and posturing, quarrelling with a wild-looking bird, an actor with a frightful mask, wings, and a bright-coloured tail. The show ended with the death of the bird, shot by an arrow of the prince. Half of the tourists looked on, while the other half snapped pictures furiously. The performance was picturesque and justified the fee, but somehow it did not ring true. Despite the fact that the elaborate show was held on the open road, it attracted only a few children, and the dancers seemed bored and indifferent.

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535 545 883 On our first night in Bali, strolling on the outskirts of Den Pasar, we heard again the same syncopated, persistent beat of drums and gongs we had heard in the morning. Following the sound, we came upon a great crowd watching a show, and after a good deal of pushing, we managed to make our way to the front rows. There were the dancers of the morning, but it was the *djanger* for the Balinese. Instead of tourists comfortably seated on folding chairs, the nude torsos of a great mob of eager people pressed us on all sides until we could not move a hand and were nearly suffocated by the constant blast of human breath, overpowered with heat and the heavy perfumes that emanated from the dense crowd. Children climbed on walls and trees or crawled over our feet, trying desperately to see something. Instead of the "traditional" costume worn for [292] [177] tourists, the girls wore tight chiffon blouses, their flower crowns framing their heavily powdered faces. The boys were dressed in European shirts, neckties, shorts, golf socks, and football shoes. Over their shoulders they wore a sort of chasuble of black velvet with appliqués of gold braid, spangles, and epaulets of gold fringe. They had red flowers on their bare heads and incongruous false moustaches on their chalky faces. Only the dance master wore the usual theatrical costume of brocade, but with an added shirt and bow tie. Like the others he wore a huge moustache.

We never discovered the purpose behind the absurd costume; perhaps it was only fun, perhaps to caricature Europeans. But the insanity of the costume was surpassed by that of the performance: to the serpentine melody of a bamboo flute and the [533] syncopated beat of drums and gongs, the girls sang nonsensical songs about flowers, rice cakes, and so forth, many words without meaning, simply to create rhythm: "djange – djange – djangerere . . ." while their hands flew, the flowers on their head shook, and their eyes snapped in unison with their necks. The boys, the *ketjak*, swayed and shook, shouting: "Ketjakketjakketjak – tjak! tjipo – oh! tjipo – oh! a-ha-aha!" much in the

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manner of a college yell, but growing faster and faster, underlining the tempo of the gongs and drums. The dance master darted wild glances in all directions with gestures of anger and astonishment, moving like a frantic automaton. The whole moved with the rhythm of a locomotive at full speed — Balinese jazz that intoxicated both performers and audience in a spell of

[292]

Ketjaks in a *Djanger* Performance

syncopated movement. At calmer moments two girls stepped out of the ranks and danced around the dance master, who registered amazement when the girls made love to him. Then the most incongruous nonsense ensued: like a flash, the *ketjaks* jumped to their feet in acrobatic poses, athletic pyramids, a boy in a back-bend while another stood on his chest. They climbed on each other's shoulders, shaking and shouting. Suddenly the dance master whirled on his seat as if he could not stand it any longer, and yelled: "*Daaag!*" The whole show stopped dead. After a pause the play began, an *ardja* story with the usual princes, prime ministers, and clowns.

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important centre of worship, is located in another village or even in another district, because it was from there that came the settlers of the later village. In some places the *pura puséh* and the *pura desa* are combined into one, with only a wall separating the two departments. There are still the private temples of the princes; the royal temples (*pura panataran*), and the *pura dadia*, the private temple of origin of the family, the connecting link between the scattered branches of a common stock. Other important temples are the *pura bedugul*, the rice temple of each agricultural guild; the *pura pamaksan*, little temples of each village ward (*bandjar*), from which the *pura puséh* evolves; hill temples (*pura bukit*), sea temples on the beaches (*pura segara*), temples for the deities of seed and markets (*pura melanting*), bathing-temples, temples in lakes, caves, springs, trees, and so forth. (See additional Note 1, page 308.)

Except for the old *pemangku*, the keeper and officiating priest of the temple, who can be seen there occasionally sweeping the yard, the temples are ordinarily deserted because the Balinese go into them only for public gatherings, festivals, and meetings. *Pemangkus* are simple people of the common class with old-fashioned manners, polite, good-natured, and with a charming modesty, who live near the temple and perform all of its duties, from sweeping it to invoking and impersonating the deities. The haughty Brahmanic priests, the *pedandas*, refer to them contemptuously as *djero sapúh*, "sweepers," but the *pemangkus* are the really active priests of the people's ritual and alone officiate at temple feasts, when the *pedandas* do not take an active part. Furthermore there are villages where the *pedandas* are even barred from the temple.

The office of the *pemangku* is often hereditary, but he may also be chosen by some mystic while inspired by the spirits. He dresses in all-white clothes with a characteristic coat with tight sleeves and wears his head-cloth in the old-style high crest. *Pemangkus* lead a normal routine life without great religious restrictions, attending to their personal affairs until the date for

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796 805 [443] held in rotation every day in one of the villages that work in groups of three.

Other date names are used mainly for magic and religious purposes, making of the calendar a science so complicated in itself that it is practised mainly by specialists, generally the Brahmanic priests and witch-doctors, who, by the ownership of intricate charts (*tika*) with secret symbols painted on paper or carved in wood, and of palm-leaf manuscripts (*wariga*) by which the lucky or unlucky dates are located, make the people dependent on them for this purpose, because the Balinese are obliged to consult them for good dates for every special undertaking and have to pay for the consultation.

777 805 793

769 796 *Galunggan.* *Nyepí* is the acknowledged New Year feast of the solar-lunar year, but the Balinese celebrate another "new year" in the great holiday of *galunggan*, when the ancestral spirits come down to earth to dwell again in the homes of their descendants. The ancestors supposedly arrive five days before the day of *galunggan*, receive many offerings, and go back to heaven after ten days, five days before *kuninggan*, the feast of all souls.

Every home and all implements were provided with offerings for *galunggan*, the old utensils renewed and the baskets washed. On all the roads, at the gate of every home, tall *penyors* were erected, meant perhaps to be seen from the summits of the mountains where the gods dwell, together with a little bamboo altar from which hung a *lamak*, one of those beautiful mosaics on long strips of palm-leaf. For this occasion the *lamaks* were over thirty feet long and had to hang from the tops of the coconut trees.

292 796 Everybody wore new clothes and the whole of Bali went out for a great national picnic. Everywhere there were women with offerings on their heads and many old men dressed for the occasion in old-fashioned style, gold kris and all, although with an incongruous imported undershirt. The younger generation preferred to tear all over the island in open motor-cars, packed like

[177] [494] [883]

[Text continues on page 286].

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sardines, dressed in fancy costumes, many young men in absurd versions of European clothes, the girls wearing their brightest silks and their best gold flowers in their hair. After visiting the village temple the gay groups went to the many feasts held on this and the following days all over the island. At this time the peculiar monsters called *barong* – a great fleece of long hair with a mask and gilt ornaments, animated by two men – were "loose" and free to go wherever they pleased. Everywhere on the road one met the cavorting holy *barongs*, who had become foolish for the day, dancing down the roads and paths, followed breathlessly by their orchestras and attendants.

In the temple of Gelgel, the former capital, there was a great feast where plays were given and violent "kris dances" were staged – when crazed men in a trance pretended to stab themselves and tore live chickens with their teeth to show their wickedness; but a more serene feast was celebrated in the jungle temple near the summit of the Batukau. There the mountain people brought offerings to the Batukau spirit while the Elders prepared the banquet in the spring underneath giant tree-ferns; performing afterwards a majestic *baris* dance, each dressed in black and white magic cloth, mimicking a stately battle with their long spears.

Ten days after *galunggan* came the day *kuninggan*, when new offerings and new *lamaks* were made and coconut husks were burned in front of every gate. This was the date of the temple feast of *Tirta Empul*, the sacred baths near Tampaksiring, and all morning people bathed unashamed in the purifying waters, men on one side, women on the other, after leaving an offering for the deity of the spring. They turned their backs on the crowd, unconcerned under the spouts, each of which is supposed to have a special purifying or curative quality. Eventually the local prince arrived with his wives and with an impressive retinue of servants. Also the *barongs* of the district came prancing down the hills to offer their respects and snap their jaws while a *pemangku* offered their prayers, manifesting their tem-

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The priest has first to purify himself thoroughly by reciting cleansing *mantras* for each action of his morning toilet. He washes his hair, rinses his mouth, polishes his teeth, and rinses his mouth again; washes his face, bathes, rubs his hair with oil, combs it, and then dresses. For each move he has to recite a short *mantra*, one for each garment he wears.

Meantime on a high platform his wife has arranged his paraphernalia (*upakara*): trays with flowers (night-blooming flowers if the ceremony is to take place at night), gold or silver vessels containing grains of rice and sandalwood powder, his holy-water container (*siwamba*) with a silver sprinkler (*sesirat*) and a long-handled ladle, (*tjanting*), his prayer bell (*gantha*), an incense-burner (*pasepan*), and a bronze oil lamp (*pedamaran*). Put away in baskets at one side of where the priest will sit are the attributes of Siwa he will wear during the ceremony: the *bawa*, a bell-shaped mitre of red felt with applications of beaten gold and topped by a crystal ball, the "shimmer of the sun" (*surya-kanta*), and a number of strings of *genitri* seeds (ear-rings, bracelets, neck and breast beads) ornamented with pieces of gold set with *linggas* of crystal, phallic symbols.[1]

Once seated cross-legged among the *upakara*, the priest proceeds to purify his person; he lays a prayer cloth over his lap and with his hands on his knees he mumbles a formula and asks of Batara Siwa to descend into the water-vessel and into his body. He stretches his hands over the incense smoke, uncovers the tray in front of him, and mumbles the *mantra asta mantra*, the hand-cleansing formula, rubs the palms of his hands with a flower and sandalwood powder, "wiping out impurity," and recites a formula for each finger as it is passed over the palm of each hand, taking flowers which he holds over the incense smoke

[1] These are the attributes of the *pedanda siwa*; the *pedanda bodda*'s holy water vessel is called *pamandiyanga*, and in place of flowers for praying he uses a "thunderbolt," a *badjra* of bronze identical with those used by the Tibetan lamas and the priests of the Shingon Buddhist sect of Japan. He has a sort of banner on a stand made of bronze which is turned successively to the four winds during the course of the ceremony. The *pedanda bodda* wears his hair loose and remains throughout the service with his head uncovered.

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pain, then trembling all over and swaying faster and faster, their heads rolling until their loose hair describes a wide circle. From this time on the girls remain with closed eyes and do not open them until the end of the ceremony, when they are taken out of the trance. With their bare hands they brush off the glowing coals from the braziers, making inarticulate sounds that are taken to be *mantras*, magic formulas, mumbled by the heavenly nymphs that have entered their bodies. From now on they are addressed as goddesses. Women attendants remove their white skirts and replace them with gilt ones. Their waists are tightly bound in strips of gold cloth, and each girl is given a jacket, a golden bodice, and a silver belt, in all a *legong* costume. The jewellery that lay in the bowl of holy water is put on again. The holy head-dresses of gold are brought in on cushions decorated with fresh frangipani flowers, and the girls are guided so that they can put them on themselves while the women sing about the beauty of the head-dresses and the elegance of their clothes:

The head-dress, the head-dress circled with jasmines, the *garuda mungkur* ornament on its back, enhanced with *sempol* and *gambir* flowers, crowned with fragrant *sandat* and yellow pistils of *merak*.

Tightly bound in their sashes they dance in the middle of the court, they dance slowly and glide from side to side, sway and swing in ecstasy. . . .

The *pemangku*, until then motionless and concentrating, now takes a coconut with the holy water about to be sanctified, water in which have been placed various sorts of flowers and three small branches of *dadap* bound in red, black, and white thread. Then he asks the *sanghyangs* to turn the water into an amulet.

The *sanghyangs* begin to dance with closed eyes, accompanied by alternating choruses of the men who sing in furious syncopation: "Kechak-kechak-kechak — chakchakchak-chak! — and by the women who sing:

The flower *menuk* that makes one happy, the white flower, it is — it is — it is white and in rows, like the stars above, like the constellations, like the constellation *kartika*, that scintillates, they scin-

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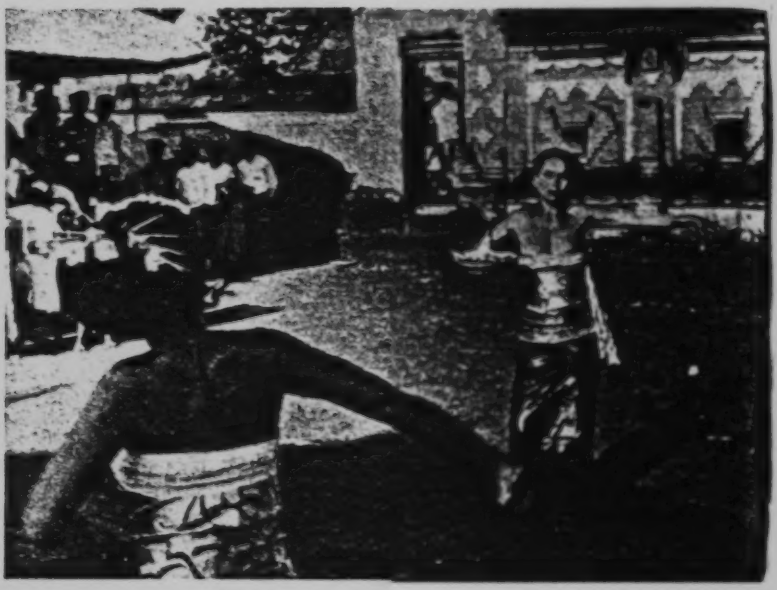

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ABOVE: Mendet in Sayan, an offering dance of the married women

BELOW: Noble girls of Gelgel making their prayers with flowers

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Taking the gods of Den Pasar to the sea-shore in Kuta for *mlis*, a symbolical cleansing bath. For this particular temple feast all the women wore white skirts to signify the purity of the occasion

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In a coming-of-age costume of gold brocade, with beaten gold headdress, a Brahmana girl stands by an appropriate offering of fried rice paste, in bright-coloured shapes of animals and gods

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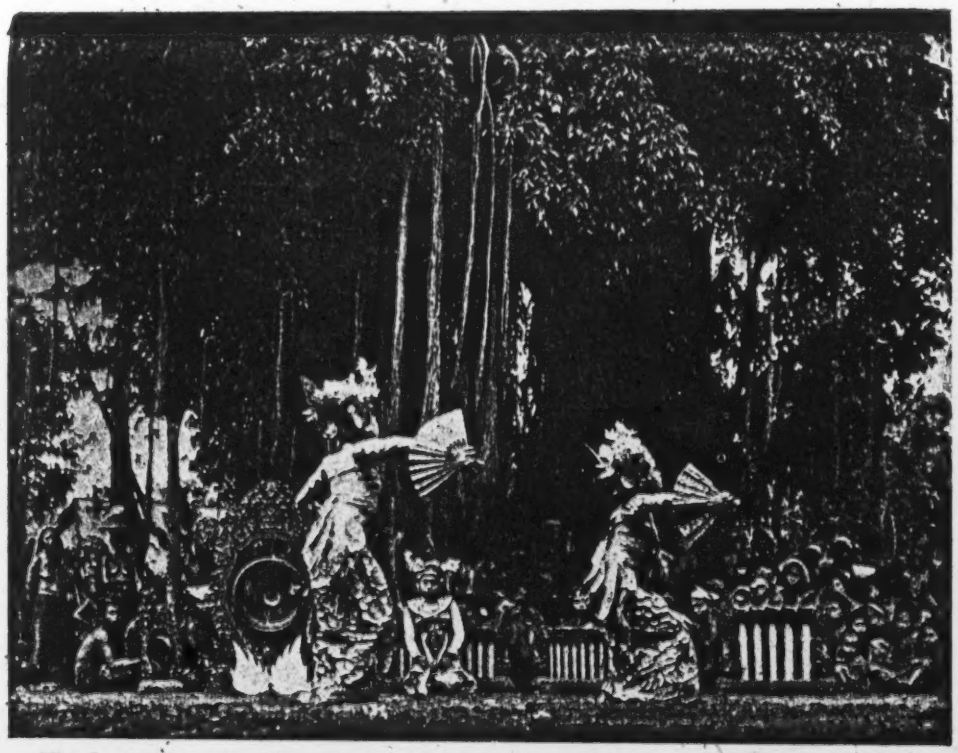

The finest exponents of the *legong*, archetype of the delicate and feminine dance, perform under the *waringin* tree in the village of Saba

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[P. 406 (L.)]

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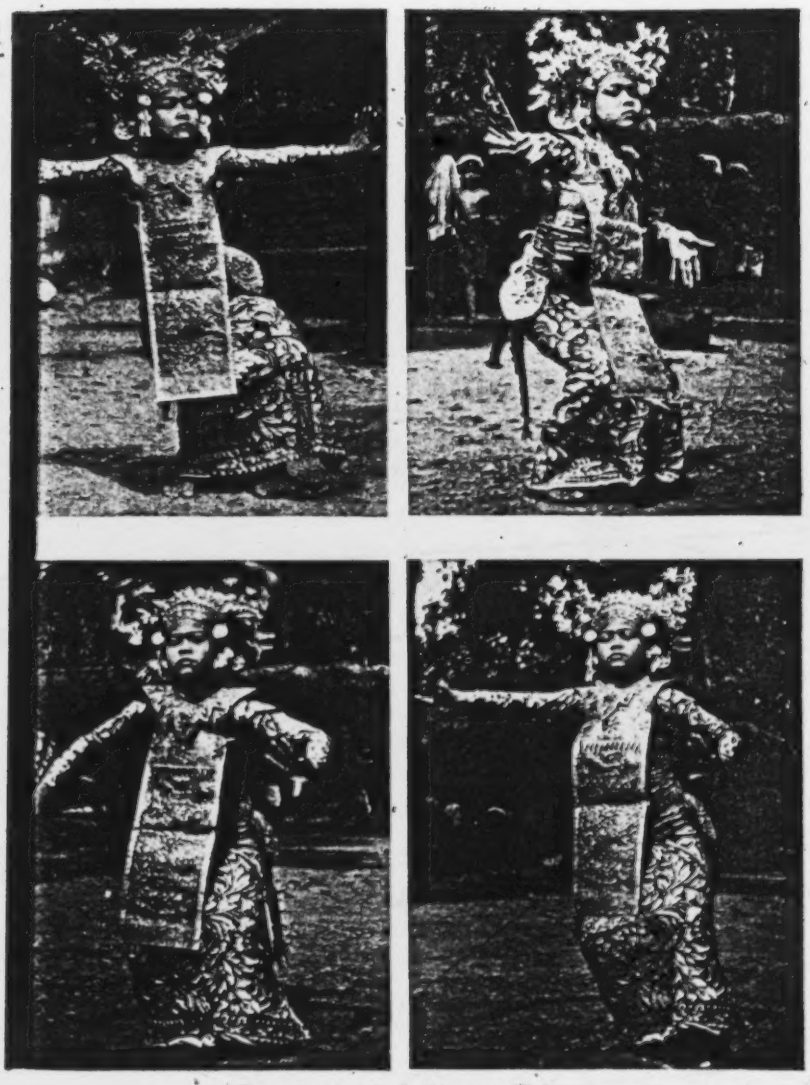

Four gestures in the legong of Saba

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[201]

The servant (*tjondong*), a definite figure in the pattern of the *legong* and a soloist during the introduction, is about to hand fans to the dancers

Flashing eyes and quivering fingers are important in the language of the *legong*

[P. 406 (LII)]

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Two actors in the djauk, a pantomimic dance that precedes the barong play. In their masks and dance routine there is a sharp distinction between the uncouth and the refined characters

BELOW: Dancers of baris gedé, a ritual war dance, dressed in magic black and white cloth

[P. 406 (LIII)]

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Mario: originator and finest exponent of the kebiyar, a sitting dance that combines the manliness of the baris and the delicacy of the legong

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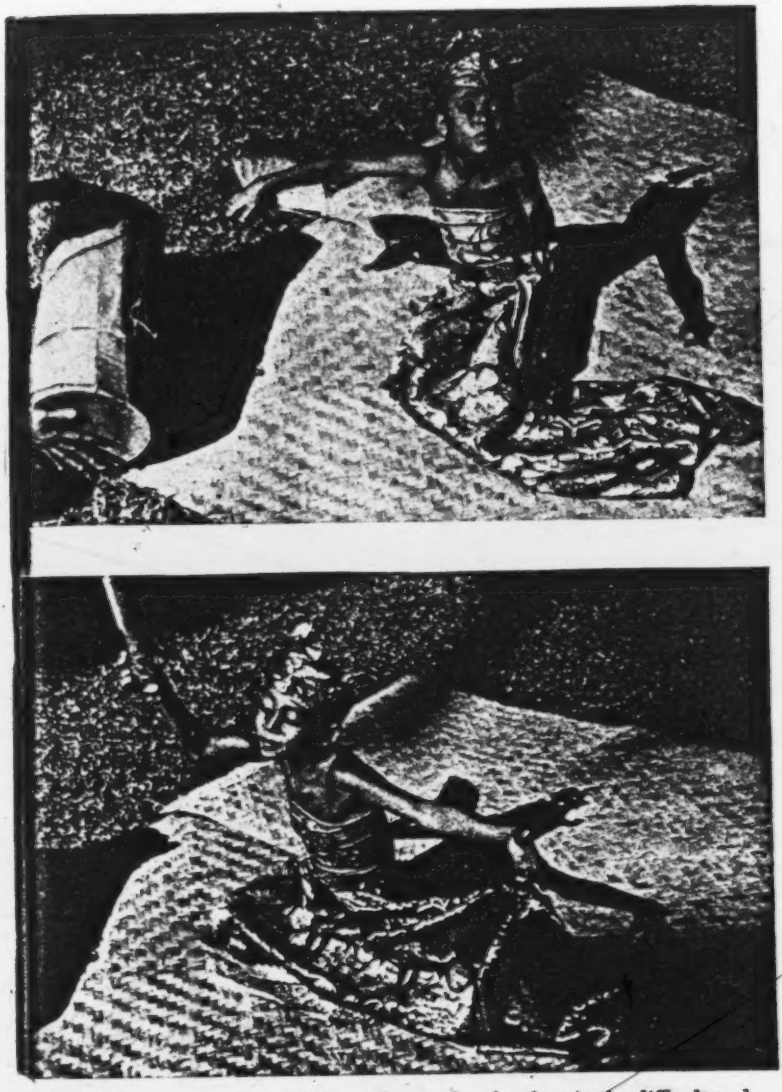
[534]



Before he was ten years old, Sampéh was already adept in the difficult and sophisticated kebiyar

[P. 406 (LV)]

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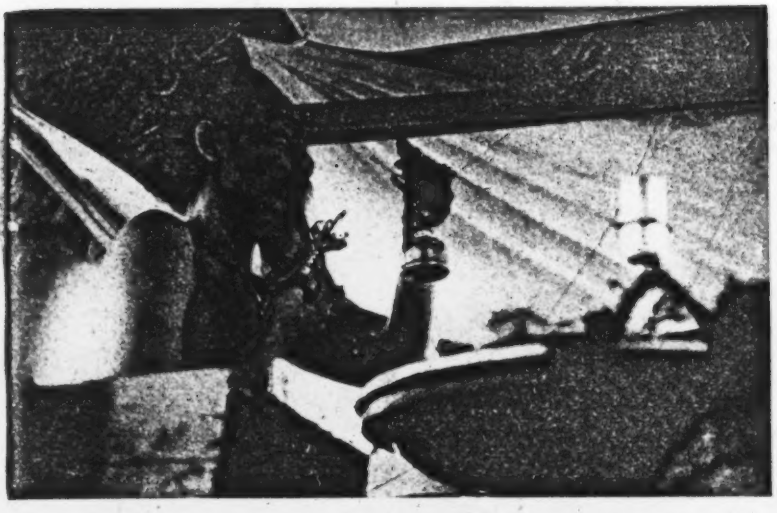

A *pedanda bodda*, high priest of a Buddhist sect, who prays with a *badjra*, a symbolic thunderbolt of bronze, instead of flowers. Below him in the picture, as he is in caste, the lowly *pemangku* is nevertheless of greater importance in the temple and is essential to the ritual, which the high priests are not

3: Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1953 OF7 Bali OF7

Wong roewa soetji roewa soetji
Sarwa kemo kara tiwa
Jetija jedian dija misandi
Sarwa manian para soetji.

This was followed by the offering of the *tjaratan*, symbolizing the washing of the gods' hands after eating, with the formula:

Wong serija mawantoe soeka mawantoe.

and the pouring out of palm-wine and rice-wine, with the prayer:

Pakoeloen Padoeka Betara katoeran Padoeka
Betara sarining sadjeng sari (berem),
Sadjeng djamboel (toeak) mocang sadjeng
ratcng (arak).
Wong jcerastoe ja nama soewaha.

The priest and his assistants lifted their hands to their foreheads three times, in a reverence to Betara Gangga. (*mepamit* — asking permission to depart.)

The water which they had brought was then poured through the spout of the shrine, to fill the bowl and the drinking-vessel.

Turning about now — for all this time they had had their backs to them — the priest and his assistants faced the gods still held upon the heads of their bearers. Lifting first one and then the other of the *bebaktan*, the priest wafted their essence towards the gods, and again they raised their hands in reverence, this time to the gods of Nagasari.

This was an occasion on which it was not at all clear that the little figures were being given a symbolic bath and toilet, for the priest performed the ceremony in such a way that all the attentions and perquisites seemed to be offered to Betara Gangga, God of Water.

Now the procession of the gods, with all their regalia, wound its way back across the fields to the temple, again accompanied by singing and music. Arrived at the temple, they did not enter the gates, but stopped in the space without (*djaban poera*) for a ceremony known as *pemendak*, the reception of the gods.

Dance of reception (Méndèt, pemendak)

Married women and girls who had taken part in the procession gathered at one end of the open space, to dance before the gods the *méndèt*, bearing the offerings and regalia. They were dressed not in the stylized costumes of professional dancers, but in the formal temple dress, bound from breast to hips in a tight band of brocade, their breasts covered with a scarf, their hair arranged in a formal coiffure with many flowers, and their skirts drawn down to pass between their ankles in a long trailing train, displaying the brilliant color of the underskirt as lining.

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PLATE VI

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Légong, a classical dance offered as part of the celebration

[opp. p. 49]

4:Belo E-5 (1931-1939) 1949 OF7 Bali OF7

[796] [786] the gate as if daring the presence within the temple to come out and join in the affray.

When this part of the ritual, the circumambulation of the outer square, was at an end, the masked figures and their followers passed up the steps again and through the gate into the inner court, where the entranced were sprinkled with holy water and smoked with the incense brazier to bring them [783] out of trance, and their krisses were taken from them. Sometimes the entranced struggle violently when disarmed. One of the most conspicuous performers on this occasion, a man who had dressed himself in the ceremonial [792] cloth, *poléng* (black and white check in large squares) for both his upper scarf (*sapoet*) and his headcloth (*oedeng*), who had been especially exhibitionistic in his self stabbing and in his prancing about with wide legged [152] steps and wide eyed facial expressions, broke into tears and wept bitterly when his kris was taken from him. It happened that at this time the *méndét* dance (a dance with offerings, usually performed by women) was in order in the ritual. Our friend with the checked garb stood there a moment [535] weeping, his hands extended—and then he began dancing the *méndét* with the women.

This sort of behavior is quite common in the temple festivals of smaller village groups, and it is in practise very much easier and very much more rewarding to study behavior sequences in smaller settings, where the individuals who perform various parts may be followed and identified, preferably where the people are known to the observer as individuals, so that something of their life history and their circumstances is either known or may be readily collected afterward.

Sindoe, April 1937. A setting particularly well suited for this type of [346] observation was provided in the tiny temple, Poera Dalem of Sindoe (Intaran, Badoeng District) a few hundred yards down the road from the house of Katharane Mershon, one of our group of investigators. All the participants were friends of hers, and even the introduction of two or three [123] Europeans, armed with cameras and note books, and two trained Balinese [126] secretaries, busily taking notes and asking every one's name and the name of every offering and bit of ritual, did not seem to affect the ethos of the ceremonial. The occasion from which I want to select certain structural details and behavior sequences for description here was a calendric festival which lasted three days, from April 26 to April 29, 1937, on the first day from five o'clock in the afternoon to 2:35 A.M., on the last day from 8:50 P.M. till 1:42 A.M. There was an absolute orgy of trance, which every one enjoyed thoroughly. A sick girl, suffering from tuberculosis, had promised [782] the necessary extra sets of offerings to "keep" for the three days the "little

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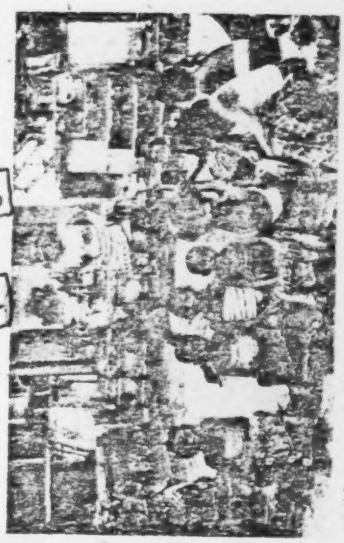

Child dancers, inside the temple. Note four nine male and female figures as "temple guardians."

Two of the baby dancers, 1939. (*Photo author.*)

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The "ceremonial seating" of the *sidegs*, or gods' spokesmen, for the feast and the godly conversation.

K. M. and one of the child dancers, observing dancing.

[End Plate 4, following P. 62]

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One of the *daha*, maidens, in ceremonial dress at a festival in Tenganan Pagringsingan, an old style village. Late 1930s.

A child actor, in friendly conversation with a group from different villages. At left the priest, at right a musician and a caretaker. Late 1930s. (*Photos author.*)

[End Plate 6, following P. 62]